

New BALLAD on the Battle of *Drummossie-Muir, near Inverness.*

To the Tune of, *The Battle of Preston.*

I.

DUKE WILLIAM came, and, in a Bang,
The Rebels did affright, Man;
They to the North, crost o'er the *Forth*,
And did not stay a Night, Man.
When he came down to *Edinburgh* Town,
They were in sik a Fear, Man,
Some ran wi' Speed, some spurr'd their Steed,
To hide their ill-got Gear, Man.

II.

But he did vow them to pursue
The Length of *Johnnie Grott's*, Man,
To sacrifice them to our Ease,
By Guns and Cannon Shots, Man.
To make them pay, and curse the Day
That e'er they fash'd our Land, Man,
To come like *Turks* wi' Scythes and Forks,
And some wi' Sword in Hand, Man.

III.

So, as he vow'd, he still pursu'd,
Till on *Drummossie-Muir*, Man,
He did attack them in a Clack,
And made his Cannons roar, Man;
As fierce as Bears, withouten Fears,
The Foot march'd bravely on, Man,
And gave the Loons some close Platoons,
That garr'd them cry, ohon, Man.

IV.

Then ilka Clan to reel began;
They were of Hearts bereft, Man;
Wi' that *Lochyell*, for Fear they'd fail,
Drew them upon our Left, Man;
But *Barrel's* Lads, wha're no the Bads,
On whom they ran on straught, Man,
(Cause, to their Shame, they paid them Hame
At *Falkirk's* dismal Faught, Man)

V.

Most firmly stood with Bay'nets screw'd,
And fired upon their Face, Man;
Then, what was worse, Dragoons and Horse
Came up them for to chace, Man,
Wha brake their Ranks, and smasht their Shanks,
And made them roar and bawl, Man.
Some of them skips wi' hacked Hips,
While others could na crawl, Man.

VI.

And many a ane of them was tane,
Tho' hale o' Skin and Birn, Man,
Wha yet may pay, another Day,
For winding us this Pirn, Man.
O mony a Child lay on the Field,
And mony a ane did flee, Man,
Wha *Cumberland* ne'er could withstand,
Nor e'er his Red-Coats see, Man.

VII.

I'm sure that Day he did them pay
The Whistle o' their Grot, Man,
For what they kill'd on *Preston* Field,
Wi' *Cope* that cow'rdly Sot, Man,
Whan dev'lish Hacks and deadly Whacks
Wi' their Claymores they ga'e, Man;
But now their Swords are not worth Turds,
Against a reg'lar Fac, Man,

F I N I S.